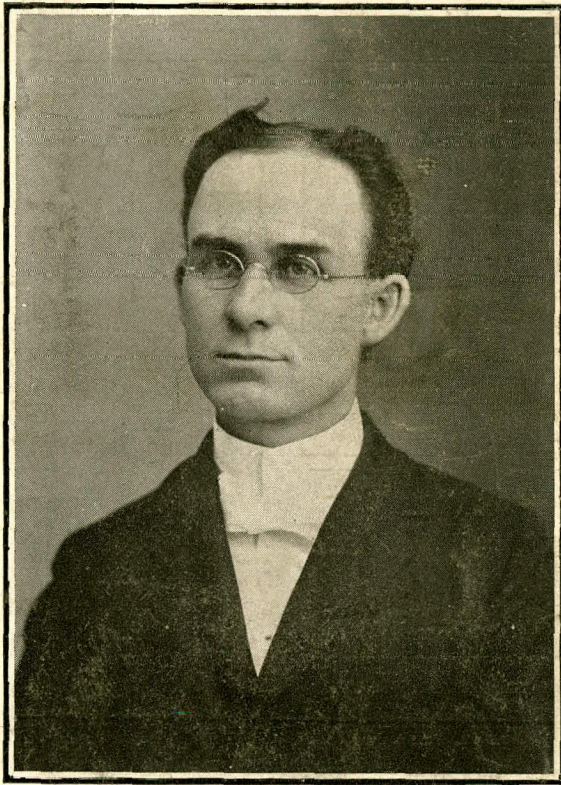


*Walker*

MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIX

# THE MAROON



REV. EDWIN H. TODD, S. T. B.  
Corresponding Secretary of "Our University"

Published by the Students of the University  
of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington.



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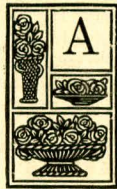
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# THE MAROON.

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Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1906, at the post office at Tacoma, Washington,  
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## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"The French Revolution is in political what the German Reformation is in ecclesiastical history." And a careful study shows that all Europe was molded by the effects of that terrible revolution. It entered the realms of society and exposed to the world the terrible licentiousness of the courts of Europe. It entered the sanctuary of the church and stripped from the priests their robes of mammon and unrighteousness. It entered political circles and tore down institutions that had stood for centuries and it forever curbed the power of the despot.

No revolution has had its causes so deep-seated as were those of the French revolution. And of these causes there are two that stand out most prominently; the literary and the economic.

Literature and philosophy rank among the most potent factors in the moulding of national life. What a nation reads tells whether that nation is on the road to success or ruin. And for years over France had been scattered the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau.

In the writings of these men we see exemplified the truth that "what ye sow ye also reap." No nation has ever had scattered within its borders a literature with a more lawless, a more revolutionary, or a more godless character than was scattered within the borders of France by such men as

Voltaire and Rousseau. Their literature declared that the only God was the populus and that the people were the supreme rulers. Thus we find France filled with the spirit of lawlessness and godliness. But by its side, though scarcely discernable, walks the spirit of freedom. For from across the blue Atlantic comes the joyful shout of the American colonists. Yea, the French had even helped them to gain their independence. And is it to be wondered at that the French should demand of their rulers the same thing the American colonists forced from their rulers?

But let us not lose sight of the economic cause.

The Bourbon monarchy was the most despotic that had held the scepter in Europe since the days of Nero. In Louis XIV we find this despotism most highly developed, for when asked concerning the needs of the State, he replied: "I am the State." The "divine right" of a king to rule was held sacred by him. But it seemed that the only "right" which he used was the right to levy taxes. And upon whom did the larger share of these taxes fall? It ought to have fallen upon the nobility and clergy; but because the nobility was followers of the king and the remains of a feudal system, they refused to pay their lawful share. The clergy, though enormously rich, having the gift of piety for ages, were exempt from taxation and thus



we find upon the common people fell the chief burden. They held less than one-half the lands of France, yet by the unjust decrees of kings they were compelled to pay nearly nine-tenths of the taxes. And what benefit did they receive from this taxation? None in the least, for Louis XIV used nearly all their money to pay the expenses of his enormous wars and to maintain the most voluptuous court the world has ever known.

At the death of Louis XIV the people hoped for a change in the policy of the Bourbon rulers; but the next king, Louis XV, did nothing to assuage the onward rush of the spirit of discontent and distrust that was sweeping over France. His sixty years of rule only weakened his power and as he lay dying he could hear the thunder of the gathering clouds of revolution and anarchy. He could see that before the reign of his son was over, France would be torn with internal convulsions. Well did he speak when he said, "After us, the deluge." It was to be a deluge not such as occurred in the days of Noah, when the beautiful waters of heaven hid this sin-crushed earth; but it was to be a deluge of blood, the best blood of France, and out of this terrible sacrifice was to blossom a new nation.

In 1774 Louis XVI ascended the throne, and wishing to avert, if possible, this terrible deluge called to his aid the able statesmen and best financiers that were in France, but the nobility and clergy demanded their dismissal. The king, weak and pliable, yielded and again the salvation of France was thwarted.

France was on the verge of ruin. The people were murmuring against the burdensome taxes of the nobles, were refusing to economise in their riotous living and help pay their share of the expenses of the court and state. Accordingly, the king, in 1789, issued a call for the assembly of the States

General. At last, the people were to have a voice in the government of France, which voice they had been denied for one hundred and seventy-five years. When the elections were over and the assembly roll was called, twelve hundred men answered "here." But let us pause and examine this assembly that was to rule France for the next ten years, and rule it with a hand far more despotic and tyrannical than the hand of Nero. The States General was composed of three orders; the nobility, the clergy and the commons. It had been the custom to vote by orders and thus the nobility and clergy, by combining their votes, could defeat the commons. But that day was passed, and on May 5, 1789, the commons demanded that they vote as one assembly. For several weeks they quarreled and then the commons withdrew from the States General, organized the National Assembly, and invited the other two orders to join them. After some delay the nobility and clergy marched into the hall and as they entered Bailly exclaimed, "This day will be illustrious in the annals; it renders the family complete."

A recital of the events of the acts of the assembly would be long and wearisome, but there are in the history of that ten years some few events that stand out in bold relief against the dark background of France.

To the peasants of France the name "Bastille" stood emblematic of tyranny and injustice and when they heard that its guns were trained upon the city, they stormed the castle, razed its walls to the ground, and then danced with joy upon its ruins. Thus was the death-knell sounded to tyranny in Europe.

The two years' quiet that followed the storming of the bastille was only a lull in the storm and was not bringing about a change in France for the better, but was leading her nearer and nearer to that awful abyss into which



she was to plunge with accelerated motion, only to save in herself the semblance of a nation.

The king, perceiving that his power was fast slipping from his hands, attempted to join the nobles, who had fled across the frontier, but failed and was compelled to stand trial before the convention.

Was he to stand trial before unbiassed and unprejudiced men? No; far from it. Bobespierre said: "People do not pronounce sentences, they lanch lightning; they do not condemn kings, they plunge them again into nothingness." And Danton exclaimed: "We are not the king's judges, we are his executioners." And thus was the king condemned to death by a trial that was worse than a mockery of justice.

They even denied him three days in which to prepare for death. Nevertheless, a few hours later, his cell door was thrown open and in stepped his wife and children for a last farewell. Have we a right to draw back the curtain and portray to the world the suffering within that prison cell? No, for the king is human, but a man, and the queen is but a woman.

While Louis XVI was innocent of the larger part of the terrible crimes charged to him, yet he deserved punishment; but when political powers resort to bloodshed, and that the blood of a king, the reaction will be far more terrible.

The king is dead. Anarchy reigns supreme, and that reign of terror is hurled like a thunderbolt in France. But why dwell upon the Reign of Terror with its terrible crimes and wickedness. It is a blot upon the fair page of history and thus let it remain.

The English in 1640 and the Americans in 1776 strove to uphold the same principles with which France has shaken Europe. While the Americans had that soul-thrilling motto: "Give me liberty or give me death," the

French made the air ring with the cry: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But when we read the history of the reign of terror with the terrible crimes, the darkest that the page of history records, we say that the French fell far below their motto.

If the revolution accomplished nothing else for France, it brought into existence that wonderful military character, who in the presence of superior officers, drew his sword and pointing to a spot on the map, exclaimed, "There is the key of Toulon," who after the reign of terror took the bedraggled army of France and led across the Alps down into Italy, back again into Austria, over the borderland into Germany and sent back to France honor; sent back to France gold, and saved the nation from ruin. Thus reads the history of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The veil of the temple was rent in twain when on Calvary the blood that flowed from bleeding hands and feet and side saved the world from destruction. And from the grave in the garden He came, conqueror over death and wrong. From the blood that flowed from the guillotine has blossomed a flower whose fragrance is wafted over land and sea, until even the proud Turk bows in submission to the Lily of France. From the graves of these murdered men and women has sprung a nation, conqueror over tyranny and today is moulding and shaping the destiny of Europe. From the French revolution and its crimes, its Dantons, its Marats, its Robespieres, its blood-red guillotine and its reign of terror has sprung the French republic.

L. A.

## Merchant's Delivery

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## A SOPHOMORE VICTORY.

It was past ten o'clock and the familiar step of the preceptress who had just made her nightly round to see that all the lights were out had died away in the solemn stillness of the Hall.

Gladys Franklin had blown out her light preparatory to going to bed, but she sat there in the moonlight thinking over and over the events of the evening.

There had been a "scrap" between the Freshmen and Sophomores on the campus in front of the college, but not one of the girls in the dormitory had been able to elude the ever watchful eye of the preceptress and get out to see which way the tide had turned. Vague rumors, however had come during the evening that the Sophomores had gotten the worst of the battle. Such a thing had never happened before through all the glorious history of their days. And Gladys was a Sophomore.

As if to quiet the tumultuous feelings that possessed her she went to the window, raised it and looked out upon the night. The evening was a beautiful one. The air was crisp and cold; the moon shone down brightly through a rift in the clouds, and, as if in contrast to her feelings, the stillness was almost oppressive.

How long she stood there lost in thought she never knew, but she was roused to a realization of her surroundings by voices below. She looked down and saw two boyish forms crossing the yard both of whom she recognized as Freshmen. The air was so still that their conversation was brought distinctly to her ears and before she could close the window softly she had heard enough to make her whole frame tingle with excitement.

"Yes, we've got 'em safe now. They put up a pretty strong fight, but

some of our old friends helped us out."

"How many did you get?"

"Well, there's four safely tied up down in that empty room below Prof. Smith's classroom. I reckon they'll have time to think it all over before morning and won't be quite so anxious to tackle us again."

"Who'd you get?"

"We had Walters first, but he got away. The fellows over there now are Jack Barclay, Harry Williams and Maurice ———"

They passed out of sight around the corner of the building, but after the mention of Jack Barclay's name Gladys had waited to hear no more.

For a moment she stood in the middle of the room, then she quickly donned her gymnasium suit and slippers, stepped quietly out and stole noiselessly down the stairs and along the lower hall.

The matron's door was open a little letting a ray of light fall across the hallway. Could she get by without being noticed? She had nearly reached the door when she stumbled over something on the floor and nearly fell. Catching herself quickly she stepped back seeking a means of escape. Luckily the storeroom door was open and she slipped in there just as the matron's dreaded form appeared, looking for the cause of the noise. Seeing nothing amiss she came down the hall, and remembering that she had forgotten to fasten everything securely, took out her keys, locked the storeroom, then returned to her own room, and Gladys heard the click of the key as it turned in the lock.

Here was a dilemma indeed! Time was flying and she must do something. She had not been to the gymnasium every day since her college work began for nothing and now her training



stood her in good stead. She stepped to the window and with the greatest precaution lest she betray herself, she unlocked and raised it. No one was in sight and as if to aid her plan the moon was darkened by a heavy cloud. She looked down through the gathering darkness. It was a long way to the ground—too far to jump—but just above the foundation ran a line of brown stone which jutted out, forming a little shelf. In an instant she was out of the window with her feet on the projecting ledge, and a moment later had jumped lightly to the ground. In a few minutes more she was standing before one of the windows of the room in which the Freshmen had said the boys were tied. Peering in Gladys could make out the dim outlines of four figures crouching in the gloom with their backs toward the windows. She could hear the guard pacing back and forth outside the door, and knew that whatever she did she must do very quietly. She tried to raise the window but it was locked. She ran to the next. After several unsuccessful efforts she succeeded in raising it and slipped noiselessly in and across the room. It was so dark she could scarcely see the

ropes, and as she touched the first boy he drew back and tried to make some sound.

"Hush!" she whispered. "I'm going to cut your ropes. Don't move too quick and don't make the least noise to attract the attention of the guards."

Quickly she did her work and was gone before they had time to realize what had happened. By the time they had reached the window and were once more free they could find no trace of their unknown deliverer.

An hour or so later, when the Freshman guard looked in to see how his prisoners were enjoying themselves he was astonished to find the room empty save for the pieces of knotted rope strewn over the floor.

The next day the joy of the Sophomores knew no bounds as they gloried in the chagrin of their downcast and outwitted enemies.

But it was not until long afterward when Jack and Gladys had come back together to visit the old college halls which had such dear associations for them both that Jack knew who cut the ropes and saved the glory of the Sophomores on that eventful night.

LUCILE.

\* \* \*

## A Trip to Mars in an Air Ship.

(Paper from 2nd Yr. Eng.)

"Hello! Yes. Yes, that's me yes. Your airship done? Where are you going? Will I go? Well I reckon. Alright. Good Bye."

This is Jack Henderson's half of a 'phone conversation and this is Jack's story.

"Well I went with John Jones and I don't want another such trip soon. We started from the school campus with a large number of friends gath-

ered round to see as (they tho't) the last of three of their citizens.

I'll admit that the thing did look scary as we stood beside it. Its long pointed snout and tremendous bulk. But then I wasn't going to be cowed by a proposition that didn't seem to impress in the least a small and delicate looking woman, John's wife who was to accompany us.

So we all three went inside and as



the ropes which held it to the ground were loosened and the ship made its first lurch into the air we all with one accord did likewise.

She soon steadied herself under the skilful guidance of those in charge and we were on our way to—we didn't know where.

But now as we are fairly on our way and things of earth are growing dimmer let me give you an idea of our surroundings.

We are in a long low room with three small windows at the top. The walls and floor are all padded and the seats and beds are fastened to the wall in such a way that they may be folded up when not in use.

We have no table, nor in fact any of the convenience of a modern home. There is, however, a portion of the padding on one of the walls which may be unfastened and pulled down by means of a strap. There we find a generous supply of such foods as require little or no cooking, and a few dishes, such as are absolutely necessary to civilized man, no matter what his conditions or circumstances.

Our little temporary home is heated by steam from the power room below and what cooking is done is done on a small oil stove which, by the way, can only be used during smooth sailing.

We are well supplied with reading material with which to pass the time after we are too high to be able to enjoy the scenery.

After a journey of perhaps six days we were able by means of glasses to see in the distance some object like a large cloud. As we neared it we changed our course and went upward 'till we came to the top or what appeared to be the top. For as we afterwards learned it was a sphere. Here we cast anchor, at it were, and disembarked.

We found ourselves on what might have been our own earth had the customs of the people been the same.

At a little distance from where we stood was a large mound of some yellow substance and as there was nothing else more attractive we decided to investigate it. As we neared it, however, a portion near the ground swung back and a man stepped out.

He was of average size and seemed intelligent, tho' was unable to understand us or we him.

He knew we were strangers and we somehow made him understand that we meant no harm. So he led the way into his house, for such it was, and tried to make us comfortable.

The house was furnished in rather a rude manner, just low, stationary benches or mounds for everything, chairs, tables and beds. But what surprised us most was that they were all yellow and apparently of the same substance as the house itself. On more closely examining it we found the stuff to be pure gold and, further, that it was only mud to them, being so plentiful as to form about one-half of the soil.

There are places, however, where it is not found and thus are by far the most valuable to the inhabitants for they are the only places where any kind of vegetation can grow.

The fauna and flora of this mysterious planet are also quite strange and interesting, but I haven't time to describe them here, suffice it to say that we've nothing like them here.

After spending about five days in this land of wonders we started for home once more, well supplied with specimens and information.

After we had been on our way for perhaps four days, a storm overtook us and drove us some distance out of our way, but inside of four more days we were in sight of earth again.

We tried and tried in vain to land on solid earth but of no avail. Our ship struck in midocean and was swallowed by the deep.

We all tried to escape from the ship



but too late. I saw my companions one by one sink to rise no more, just as I was thinking I would follow their suit, a large fish of the same family as the one that swallowed Jonah came by. Seeing my hopeless condition he kindly swallowed me. And here I am in the abdominal cavity of this monster of the deep, writing my story.

Things look rather the same as in the airship, except for the lack of windows, and I have to take my food in a raw state as it is passed on to me by His Royal Highness."

\* \* \*

#### PARODY ON EVANGELINE.

This is the U. of P. S., all the students and  
faculty learned,  
Love it so dear and respect its name far  
above all others.

Here in this old chapel room, in the morn-  
ing early you'll find them;

Here in this very room with faces so sol-  
emn and serious.

Loud from the noisy streets, the cables and  
wagons so busy,

Hasten, but seem to re-echo the soul-thrilling  
songs of the students.

Ye who believe in professors who hope and  
endure and are patient;

Ye who believe in students who toil till mid-  
night overtakes them,

List to the mournful tradition as sung by  
the court fool of Boyer;

List to the tale she tells of our University  
students.

Up in the very front portion quite near to  
the watchful professor,

Bashful and lonesome and still sit the first  
year academy students.

They in their little corner sit gazing, curi-  
ous about them,

Wondering if they will ere reach the heights,  
to which others are climbing.

Somewhat apart from these mentioned, the  
space of an aisle intervening,

Sit those complacent young students with  
countenances joyful and beaming,

Who look on the others with pity, forgetting  
but one year divides them,

And thinking them well on their way up the  
ladder of fame they're ascending.

Back in the corner so distant are third year  
preps of our college

Seeming but only a cloud above which the  
fourth years are shining.

Never taking in earnest advice of superior  
people;

But ever striving anon to show off their wit  
and their wisdom.

Back in the centermost section, contented  
and happy we find them,

The students all ready to go to ranks that  
are eager to greet them,

Ranks that will give them a welcome glad-  
some and hearty will greet them;

Ranks that will tell them so gladly, come  
hither, ye fourth years, come hither.

In the foremost part of the section, on the  
right hand side of the chapel,

Bold and with never a fear sit the noisiest  
crowd called the Freshmen;

Never stopping to listen to words that are  
spoken most wisely;

Ever ready to laugh when a joke doth at-  
tract their attention.

Back of the Freshies are Sophomores who  
think themselves models of wisdom;

Who steal from their verdant young school-  
mates their property, thinking it bril-  
liant.

Here sit they calm and indignant when for-  
tune turneth her tables;

When Freshies and Juniors combine and  
show them the folly of thieving.

Back of the Sophs sit the Juniors, those stu-  
dents allied with the Freshmen,

Serious, industrious, prim, they're regarded  
by all those who know them;

Enviously watching the Seniors, who scorn  
them as ignorant beings,

Dejected they feel thro' the long hours when  
passed by uncared for, unnoticed.

Last, but not least, are the Seniors, who take  
up the far right-hand corner;

Few in their number are they, but with  
voices loud and emphatic

Tell how they soon are to leave us to startle  
the world with their wisdom;

Tell us with minds egotistic the things that  
we know are not truthful.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall,  
the Profs. with their wisdom,

Sit conversing together of past, present and  
future

Making announcements and laughing over  
their own bright sayings,

Or telling of "gym" and tonight's wonder-  
ful basket-ball game.



In the midst of the strife and tumult of  
angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chapel opens and Dr.  
Williams  
Enters with serious mein, with a gesture he  
awes into silence  
All that clamorous throng, and thus he dis-  
misses his people.

O. C.

## OUR UNIVERSITY.

1 "Our University" 's up on the Sound,  
I want to go there, I do;  
'Tis built for the youth of the states  
around,  
This Methodist U., "Our U.,"  
I'm one of the youths she's waiting to  
see,  
I want to go there, I do,  
I'm sure she will have a welcome for me,  
Our Methodist U., "Our U."

Cho: I want to go there, I mean to go there,  
I expect to go there, I do,  
I want to go there, I mean to be there  
I expect to be there, I do.

2 The church is her author, her keeper and  
friend,  
I want to go there, I do;  
And will keep her doors open unto the  
end,  
This Methodist U., "Our U."  
If she to the world would give her full  
mead,  
Our Methodist church to do,  
A "U." in this state the Methodists  
need  
A Methodist U., "Our U."

3 To each who attends and to diligence  
clings  
In the U. P. S. "Our U."  
The truth revealed and the freedom it  
brings;  
I want to go there, don't you?  
There Jesus is raised as king to the  
throne  
In Methodist U., "Our U."  
May he reign in all hearts! May he never  
be prone  
I pray for "Our U.," won't you?

## SOLILOQUY OF A YOUNG PREACHER.

To wed or not to wed? That is the question,  
Whether 'tis better for me to endure  
The gloom and loneliness of a single state,  
Or, in order to escape that life—which  
Is not life, but ever-living death—to plunge  
Into the sea of matrimony. Headlong to  
plunge—

To sink or swim, perchance to drown, but,  
endless joy!

To live alone no more. Yea, by one leap  
To rid myself of such distasteful things  
As cooking flap-jacks, washing dishes;  
washing also

Socks and handkerchiefs, and sweeping  
with a stubby broom

My lonely hut. To 'scape all these and  
all

The other countless woes of wretched soli-  
tude.

No more to sit before a cheerless evening  
grate,

Not even solaced by a feline purr;

There lost in deep reflection; or else per-  
chance,

Cheered only by the glimmer of a dying  
lamp

Trying to read—a wretched life!

No more to toss upon my restless bunk,

Plagued and tormented in my fitful dreams  
By some bewitching face or fairy form

That with grace or beauty sets my soul  
afire,

Then like an unsubstantial spirit melts to  
thin air.

No more to hear the taunts and gibes of  
heartless maids,

Or new-made benedicts, or bear in silent  
solitude

The proud world's scorn. "'Tis a con-  
summation

Devoutly to be wished." To end the heart-  
aches,

Anguish and despair of my lone lot.

Oh, welcome aught that bodes release

From my unwilling and forlorn celibacy.

(To be continued.)

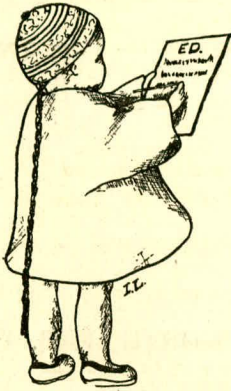
# MARY J. BALL

## Cloaks

## Suits

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## THE MAROON.

Published monthly during the academic year by the associated students of the University of Puget Sound.

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"What's the matter with the debaters?"

"They're all right."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody."

\* \* \* \*

Since the City of Destiny's "Watch Tacoma Grow" shone resplendent across the miniature lake at the Lewis and Clark Exposition we have been admonished to "watch this card," "watch us grow," and so on, and now the boys and girls of the neighboring school have become a Booster club and invited us to "watch Tacoma Grow Cleaner." As each boy is to begin in his own alley we might profit by their example and begin on Our U. campus.

We are glad to see so much interest being manifested among the academic school about choosing their delegates for the declamatory contest. The zeal shown portends much for the oratorical contests of the future.

\* \* \* \*

Dean Pennimen, of the University of Pennsylvania, addressed the students in chapel on the twenty-first. His talk was full of helpful ideas. He impressed the thought on our minds that we are not here to learn to make a living, but to form a life—of service for the world. A large audience was delighted with his lecture on Babylonia in the evening.

\* \* \* \*

On the seventh we all attended the oratorical contest under the auspices of local Collegiate Prohibition League. The contestants accredited themselves well. Let's encourage the winner—Mr. Warren Cuddy—who represents our University, in the state contest.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Gage, recently a missionary in Turkey, and now our state secretary for the Y. W. C. A., was a chapel visitor on the first. She spoke of her travels and the lessons that might be gleaned from watching the various types of tourists. As a parting wish she hoped that the American youth—the nation's hope—would stand for genuineness, purity, consecrated purpose.

\* \* \* \*

The faculty quartet has been making flying trips for "gym's" benefit. Watch "gym's" fund grow.

\* \* \* \*

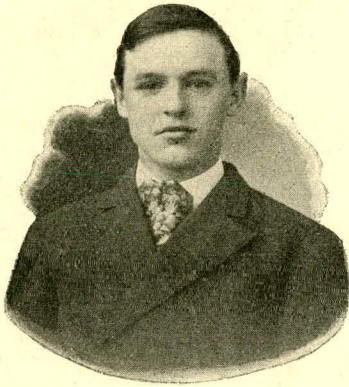
A change will occur in the April staff which the editors think will be awaited by Maroon readers with pleasant anticipations. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. will edit an association number.





# SOCIETY

OUR WINNING DEBATERS — WHITWORTH, FEB. 19.



WARREN CUDDY

H. C. S.

Again has the H. C. S. brought honor and glory to our University and herself. "She came; she saw, and she conquered." February 19 at Whitworth College the H. C. S. fought the battle royal with Whitworth Club in debate. Rossman and Paul, of the Whitworth Club, ably defended the negative side but Cuddy and LeSourd showed that we had not misplaced the confidence we had placed in them. The question was: "Resolved, that congress should delegate the power to fix and determine railroad rates to a commission or bureau whose acts shall be of their own force effective."



G. Q. LeSOURD

February 28th Paul Todd and William Siler were initiated into the mysteries of the H. C. S. with all due ceremony.

On March 7th, Mr. Warren Cuddy brought another trophy to the H. C. S. by winning the local temperance contest. Mr. Cuddy is an orator of no mean ability, and we are proud of him. Mr. Gilbert LeSourd, who has a bright outlook for success in oratory, was our other representative.

\* \* \* \*

B. L. S. Notes.

The Boyers gave their first regular open program of the semester on Saturday evening, February 24, in the University chapel. The program,



which had for its subject "Evangeline," was well rendered and was a credit to those taking part. It is the purpose of the society to give these open programs once every month hereafter.

Wednesday evening, February 14, the B. L. S. girls entertained the H. C. S. boys at the home of Miss Esther Hatch on South Steele street. The rooms were decorated in true St. Valentine style. The society colors, violet and green, were used in the reception room. In the parlor and back parlor, red was the predominating color. Swaying red hearts, fishnets, in which hearts were scattered, and banks of pussy-willows were effectively used in both rooms. The dainty luncheon served at small tea tables again carried out the St. Valentine scheme. During the evening new and interesting games furnished amusements, Miss Lillian Clulow, Mr. Paul Todd and Mr. Warren Cuddy winning honors.

The B. L. S.-H. C. S. quartet presented the musical farce, "Muffs," at an entertainment given in South Tacoma recently. The members of the quartet are Misses Ada Hooten and Lillian Clulow and Messrs. Tolbert Crockett and Gilbert Newland.

\* \* \* \*

#### PHILO BRIEFS.

Mr. Pflaum, one of our most excellent members, was married to Miss Mame Messner, of Celar Rapids, Ia., the past week. We congratulate and wish them much happiness in their wedded life.

Mr. Marsh has composed a new society song. The tune is full of life and the words are exceptionally good. The chorus is as follows:

"We are the best of the U. P. S,  
To that you must agree,  
And every one takes off his hat  
To our society."

#### Correct Dress for Men and Boys



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The program committee is to be complimented on the neat arrangement they have just adopted for announcing the programs.

Miss Myrtle Brown announced her engagement at an afternoon tea on the fifth. The guests were her former schoolmates and friends, the event taking place at the home of Mrs. Landis, on South L street. The quartet of which Miss Brown was formerly a member rendered several selections. The house was beautifully decorated in college colors, and dainty refreshments were served. The Philos wish Miss Brown much happiness in her future home in Oregon.

\* \* \* \*

Y. M. C. A.

The social event of the month was the colonial tea given in the chapel on the 22nd of February. The decorations of fir trees and evergreens gave the room the appearance of a lawn. Tea was served from little tables scattered among the trees. Most of those attending wore costumes which their great grandfathers and grandmothers wore in the old fashionable days.

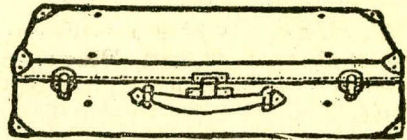
Miss Gage met the girls at a spread in the chapel.

\* \* \* \*

On the evening of February 13th the Freshmen entertained the Juniors at the home of Miss Lillian Clulow. The rooms were decorated with hearts and valentines. Games in keeping with the occasion furnished delightful entertainment. After refreshments were served the presidents of the two classes made short, witty speeches

in which they bid defiance to the Sophomores and Seniors.

Thursday the cabinet entertained the Whitworth cabinet in honor of Miss Gage at a lunch in the Y. W. room. Miss Gage gave a very interesting talk on the purpose of the organization. The rest of her time was spent in conferences with the various committees.



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Come in any time and see what we have. Anderson.



## PERSONALS.

Rev. Benedict, of Hoquiam, made us a merry chapel call February 7.

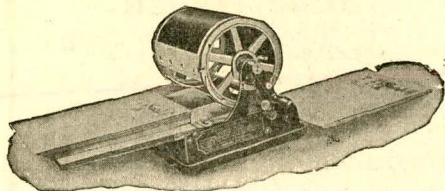
Prof. McProud was a popular lecturer at the Chehalis County Teachers' Institute last month.

Miss Cotter, '05, stole in like a beam of sunshine during the month.

We delight in having such fine reports from Prof. Walton, '05, superintendent of schools of Chehalis county.

Some one suggested that the recent rise in real estate in this vicinity was largely owing to so many of our people using Rogers' Baking Powder in place of New York and Chicago kinds. There is certainly more truth than poetry in the fact that it pays to use home goods when the quality is known to be "par excellence" as this product is.

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All newsdealers.



## - ATHLETIC -

The past month has not been full of victories in basket-ball for us. But considering that it takes time, practice and attention to develop a winning team, we are not discouraged.

### SECOND U. P. S. vs. P. O.

A small crowd was present to see the Second U. P. S. meet the Postoffice on February 8. The game was replete with brilliant playing. It has been pronounced the best game that the second team has played so far. At all times the score was close. The first half ended 6 to 5 in our favor. The boys entered the second half determined to win, but the Postoffice boys proved too much for them and the final score, as put on the blackboard, was P. O., 18; Second U. P. S., 15.

### U. P. S. vs. T. H. S.

On February 16th the First U. P. S. met the Tacoma High School. It was an off night. The boys were out of practice and did not have the University spirit. So, in a game marked by poor playing on each side, the Tacoma High School got 39 points to the University's 8 points.

On the same evening the Second U. P. S. met the Second Hi and after the din of the conflict had cleared the Second Hi had 38 and the Second "U" had 9.

### PARKLAND vs. U. P. S.

After a week of hard practicing the U. P. S. met the Parkland team flushed with victory. The game was harder than the score might show. Experience and weight showed its power by giving 37 points to Parkland and 8 to the University.

The Second Parkland, imitating the first team, got 16 points to the Second "U" 8 points.

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## U. P. S. vs. PARKLAND.

On March 3 the U. P. S. again met Parkland. A large crowd went to Parkland to root for our boys. Owing to the new floor and the superiority of the Parkland team the boys again went down to defeat with flying colors. The defeat was no disgrace, for our boys played hard and well. Nevertheless the score stood 53 to 9. Again did the Second Parkland team show that it had a winning team by running up a score of 33 to 9.

Surely fortune has victories for us in the future and when they come we will prize them the more.

## BASEBALL.

The time has come when every vacant lot finds its quota of boys playing the national game. Manager Nicol has been busy at work getting the University grounds in shape. Prospects are very favorable for a winning team. Coffman and Kennard are getting their wing in shape for twirling while Walker is catching for them. Our batteries will certainly be strong.

With Ball, Nicol, Donaldson, Allyn and Wright trying for the infield the outfielders will have little to do. Captain Coffman was not prepared to announce the names of the men trying for the outfield, but he says that the outfield is very strong and that he

is well pleased with the prospective team.

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Mr. Kendall (in Zoology). "I haven't got the digestive apparatus of the clam in my head yet."

R. H. (to Will G—). "Do I have to become green before I can become a Freshman?"

Prof. G—. "I'm not going to explain this for those who are needlessly absent—getting married, I suppose."

Nell and Ina. (at the Inter-collegiate debate). "Our boys are a lot better looking than the Whitworth."

Prof. W—. "Why did King Henry's wife outlive him?"

Mr. Pease. "Henry died."

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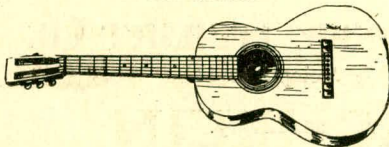
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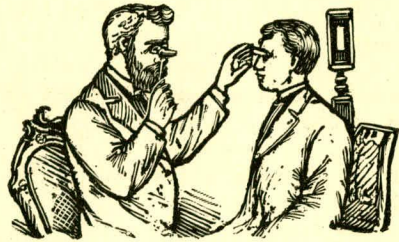
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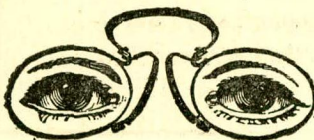
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Candies.

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Teas and Coffees, Delicatessen and Bake Shop goods will also be sold.

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Mr. Wright says he has been earning money to buy ribbons for the typewriter. Rather ambiguous, Mr. W.

Prof. A—. "Do you know how to bake bread, Miss Davis?"

Miss D—. "No, but I can make biscuit."

Prof. A—. "Oh, I like them too."

Did you hear the bantam in the art room a few days ago? Some one says that he belonged to the H. C. S.

Wanted—A "Dido." Mr. Chas. Olsan.

Miss W-l-n. "What kind of a flower have you, Mr. O—?"

C. O. "Sweet William."

Miss W-l-n. "Oh, let me have it."

Miss D—. "When may I see you, Professor?"

Prof. B—. "Will this evening do?"

If a body meet a body need we question why?

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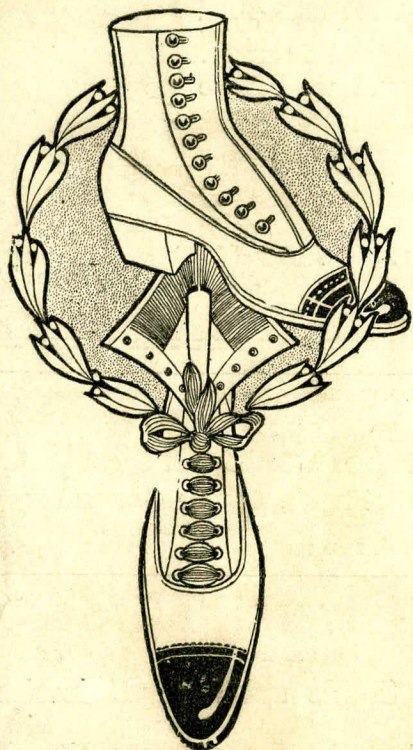
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